

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE LAST PEOPLE.

'Tis in the year A. D. 9,450,235. A dense fog envelops the entire globe, growing thinner and lighter only at the poles. The rays of the sun are dotted with millions of dark spots and cannot penetrate the thick, wintry fog; over the earth a pale red twilight spreads.

Nature round about is dead and barren. The dome of the horizon is not visible; no friendly star sheds its light upon this immense, rigid desert; the soft rays of the moon have ceased to shine over the giant snow fields and icy prairies; they are no longer reflected upon the glistening surface of the narrow, far expanding frozen seas, the remnants of the oceans of the world not yet absorbed by the sunlight.

And should this impenetrable fog break away and the continuous fall of the fine, misty snow come to an end we would still seek vainly for the trusty comrade of the earth, the moon. Thousands of years ago she was destroyed, partly through a constantly increasing cold and partly seared by the burning sunrays, which no atmosphere could soften, and her fragments were hurled into the immense space of the earth. It was thought that the end of the world had come then, and this terrible catastrophe caused dreadful earthquakes, floods and storms, the description of which came down from generation to generation in myths and legends, until at last the influence of the moon upon the earth, the tides and eclipses of the sun was not even known by name to the human race of that period.

As far as the eye can reach this desert lies in the throes of an almost complete rigidity. The fire in the interior of the earth is burned out; the rays of the sun have lost their power to warm it. Everything is cold and dead. But there is still some organic life under the white shroud; there are still human beings living in this inhospitable wilderness, remnants of a dwarfed and stunted tribe, who for thousands of years have been accustomed to wring day by day a hazardous existence from the inimical elements; a tribe who know nothing of a life during medieval days in warmer climes, where voluptuous and magnificent flora grew under a deep blue sky and earth and air and ocean were peopled with manifold animal creatures. For thousands of years the inhabitants of the globe have known no other zone than the northern, no other nature but one of snow and ice and cold. There were many old scientific records which spoke of a milder climate, and sagacious hypotheses were laid down in these volumes of an antediluvian fauna and flora; but later on nobody believed them or imagined it possible that they could ever have existed.

During an immeasurable period of time the earth had gradually cooled off, and this cooling off emanated from the poles, moving slowly and gradually—for thousands of years were mere seconds on the dial of the clock of the world—toward the equator. What a sensation it aroused when in ancient times, for instance in the Nineteenth century, fossil remnants of a vegetation and animal world were found way up in the north underneath the ice and snow, such as could have existed only in the tropic zone, not thinking then that the time would come when the equator would reveal under its cover of ice and snow the fossils of its own tropical nature.

Constantly the inhabitable space of the earth grows smaller, the battle for existence and life becomes more severe, resistance against the elementary powers weakens and the human race gradually melted away, until in the year of 9,450,235 it had become almost extinct. This remnant of a race, which had once covered the entire earth ball and boasted of its mastership of the world, is found secluded in huts of ice way up in the mountains of the Loango region of western Africa, near the former sea coast. Hardly distinguished from their surroundings, it is difficult to find these human habitations. Woe to the lonely wanderer who should lose his way. He would perish surely, unless a streak of the north light, which now and then breaks through the fog, came to guide him right.

No star, not even the sun, can point him on his way, for everything is enveloped in this impenetrable mist. Long, narrowly winding tunnels lead through the snow into the

cave like huts in which these few human beings live with their last trusty companions—the reindeer and the dog. One of their greatest labors is to keep the hut and its entrance free from the snow, which is continually drifting, and to gather the necessary nourishment for these animals. Should they neglect to do the one they would be buried alive, and if they omit to care for their reindeer, which supply them with their meat and milk, they will die the death of starvation; for the seal and walrus hunt is combined with untold hardships and yields but a rare find.

Two men clothed in heavy, thick sealskins are turning a sled hitched to a couple of tan colored dogs toward the hut which lies a little way above the narrow passage which they are traversing. They are just returning from an unsuccessful seal hunt. It is a long time since they have killed one of these animals, which are now but rarely seen. They have eaten the last morsel of meat, and the death of starvation is stealthily but surely approaching.

In the interior of the hut a pallid young woman is anxiously awaiting the coming of the men. She knows but too well the meaning of their return without the coveted prey. It's a question of life and death, and her lips falter as the two appear in the entrance, over which the skins of the seal are hung.

"Nothing—nothing again!" she cries desperately.

With a convulsive sob the young mother presses her wan, slumbering infant to her breast, and sinks upon her knees. An older, hollow-eyed child, frightened by its mother's unusual manner, cries aloud. While the younger man endeavors to pacify his little daughter, the older of the two approaches the wretched woman and folds her tenderly to his breast. "Esther, my daughter, do not despair. We are in the hands of God; He will not forsake us," he whispers, and is himself in need of consolation, for he realizes fully their terrible position. Tears come to the disconsolate woman's eyes; gradually she grows calm under the encouraging words of her aged father and the tender pleadings of her beloved husband. She listens anxiously to the debating of the two men who are making various plans to escape the dreadful death by starvation.

Since time immemorable there has been in existence a tradition of a country, where it is not so cold, where the fog is not so thick and where for hours the snowfall ceases and seals and other animals are plentiful. Yes, they must endeavor to reach this blissful region, so the old man proposes, after all the other plans have been discussed and rejected. Hope is again kindled in the breasts of these wretched beings, who have no idea that the same fate awaits them everywhere—the fate of perishing from cold and starvation—for the Eden of which they are dreaming has grown inhospitable and uninhabitable, too. The entire globe is wrapped in ice as in an armour of steel; the deep shadows of the night prevail which change now and then into pale, gray twilight.

A better land—ah, it can be found only beyond this world, and not upon its snow-fields, which were fixed in death, and could neither produce new life nor sustain that which dragged out a weary existence.

But as the drowning man clutches a straw, these unfortunate creatures grasp the hope of finding this land, with which tradition had made them familiar. Before they could carry out this daring plan, however, born of sheer desperation, the winter storm broke in upon them earlier than usual, forbidding them to remain outside the hut, for even a brief space of time, and making their proposed emigration a thing impossible.

Horror and despair filled their hearts, and finally gave away to sullen resignation. Their pallid children moaned with hunger, and the cry of their loved ones inspired them with renewed energy. All is not lost, unexpected succor may come from above. They will fight the battle of existence to the end; yes, they will hold out for the sake of their innocent children. It did not occur to them that the life for which they were saving was one of utter privation, else their heroism and courage would have failed.

But they feel the hunger and its pangs more and more, and with a heavy heart they resolve to kill one of their four faithful dogs, although he can be but ill spared. In a few days the second follows, then the

third, and finally the last. The aged father partakes scarcely of any nourishment, refusing to deprive his loved ones of the few morsels which might still the pangs of his hunger. Hour by hour he grows weaker, and at last he can arise with difficulty only from his pallet in a corner of the hut. His eyes have sunk way back in his head and in them shines a supernatural light. He realizes that he will soon be transported to yonder fields where there will be no tears and no suffering. He tries to support the hope of the despairing couple, whom terrible anxiety is almost driving mad, and to interrupt their dismal, gloomy brooding he narrates to them with a faint voice stories of ages long since past, when ice and snow did not cover the earth everywhere, when people lived over all this globe, and a second sun shone through the stillness of the night. Esther nods her head thoughtfully while he speaks. Aye, her father is describing the paradise where the gentle balmy breezes blew, and some day they will reach it. How wondrously fair the journey would be were it not for the bridge which leads to its destination—death.

At last the pallid eyes of the aged father are set in death, and his eyes have closed in that long slumber from which there is no awakening.

Hope slowly dies away from day to day that the storms will cease at last, and Esther's husband, Ahasver, may go out and seek help in one of the neighboring huts a long way in the distance. It would have brought them no succor, but increased their misery and destitution, for the few scattered human habitations had not sheltered a living being for many weeks.

The storm has piled the snow high before Ahasver's narrow entrance, and it would take a hundred brawny arms to remove this frozen wall instead of those four emaciated ones. Still he has been able to guard the entrance to this tomb from completely closing up and to prepare the moss for the reindeer which he gathered with infinite labor.

Esther has kept alive the flame of hydrogen gas, which she generates from snow-water by means of an ingeniously constructed apparatus. This gives both warmth and light to the wretched people. Since her father closed his eyes in death her own strength wanes day by day; her courage fails and her resistive powers decrease daily. There is but one chord in Esther's breast which responds in clear and rich intonations to the demands for life—it is her mother love. With consuming anxiety she watches the oldest of her darlings die a slow death of scurvy. At last its sufferings are ended; the mother's heart is breaking with agony and more fervent than ever she clasps her remaining child to her bereaved breast.

Two more terrible days have passed over their heads; they begin to feel the penetrating cold as well as the gnawing hunger, for the human body needs food for its inward fuel to generate the necessary natural growth. Everything has been consumed except the last reindeer, which provides the infant with milk. The parents shrink from killing the animal, and thus deprive their delicate child of this one source of nourishment, which nothing can replace.

No, they would rather die.

And what is then to become of the little helpless creature? Is there no way out of this labyrinth of misery?

They decide to postpone the killing of the last reindeer as long as possible, and for a short time will share the food of the animal, the moss.

With leaden heaviness the hours drag wearily by. Esther almost faints with hunger. Suddenly the child awakens. It was hungry when rocked to sleep, and now demands its food with infant vehemency. The feeble cry of her baby arouses Esther from her stupor. She springs to her feet, seizes the knife, and places it in her husband's outstretched hand.

"Our child, Ahasver! Save our child!"

Ahasver's apathy instantly dispersed; he must feed his famishing child, and he hurries into the adjoining space. A dull thud, a gurgling sound, and it is done. After they have fed their child on the warm blood of the reindeer, those two starving people still their own hunger.

Days pass by—perhaps weeks—for these two have ceased to measure time. The portions of food become smaller, the child grows weaker, for the meat diet is not good for it, and

the hope of salvation from this misery has fled.

The infant, with its tiny, shrunken body and wizened face, lies dead in its mother's arms. The cry of anguish breaks from her lips at this last, cruel lash of fate. No tear of grief falls from her burning eyes. Ahasver and Esther have watched the inevitable draw near, with silent resignation and their hearts are filled with but one desire, of being reunited soon with their loved ones. They are calm and composed now, and submissive to the will of the Almighty. Without uttering a complaint they divide the last morsel of the reindeer meat.

Days have passed since they have eaten the last bite. Everything has been consumed; there is nothing left. They hold each other in one last embrace—death lingers in their faces.

The quiet of the tomb reigns within. Each hears the other's heart beating faintly. The flame of the gas is dying away. Esther is too weak to replenish the material, and she does not want to be separated for even the brief space of a moment from husband's loyal breast.

Profound darkness envelopes everything.

There, oh, wonder a suddenly a ray of light illuminates the hut. The ray steals softly through the roof. It is the magnetic polar light. Ahasver and Esther, almost removed from this world, show no surprise. Heavenly joy fills their souls, and more firmly than before they clasp each other, for death cannot part them. It grows brighter before their eyes; mild, warm breezes sweep softly around them; heavenly melodies fall on their ears, and before the enraptured gaze is spread a world whose wonders they have never dreamed.

Arrayed in garments of softest light and wandering under glorious palms their children come toward them and nestle against their hearts. And holding their darlings to their breasts, they are carried upward as if on angels' wings to a life of heavenly bliss!

* * * * *

The snow is drizzling on unceasingly. All life on the globe is dead, and it will never be renewed. The earth, no more the mother earth, an atom in the immeasurable space of the body, pursues her course unerringly, until after millions of years destiny is fulfilled, and she will be hurled in the burning sun ball that she may become its fuel and bring life and warmth to other spheres and other organic creatures.—*E. S. H. in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

A surprise party was given to Mr. C. D. Edmonston, one night recently. As innocent as a baby, he was completely taken by surprise, when he saw his deaf-mute friends walk in upon him, at his residence, No. 20 William Street. On behalf of the deaf-mutes of Newburgh, a speech was made by Mr. Harry Davitt, his old-time chum. A very pleasant time was spent by all in playing games, and ice-cream, lemonade and cake, were served around until a far advanced hour in the night. The party was gotten up by his mute sister, Miss Sarah Edmonston, aided by a friend.

Little Susie, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Dobbs, has been quite ill for three months with blood-poisoning, but we are glad to hear she is out of danger now, and the doctor has great hopes of her recovery.

A young man by the name of Mr. John Sheehy, a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School, is seen frequently by all the deaf-mutes here, yet he never talks to any of them.

Mr. Peter W. Edmonston, of Cornwall, spent the 4th of July, and a week New York, visiting Glen Island and vicinity. He was the guest of the model Mr. Fred. Meinken.

On the 18th of June, as Miss Sarah Edmonston was coming home on the steamer, "Mary Powell," from the wedding of her cousin in Brooklyn, she accidentally met Miss Little and Mr. John McEvoy, on the boat. The kind-hearted pilot seemed to be interested in the sign-making, and he blew the whistle while Fanwood was in full sight.

There was to be a picnic at Plum Point, on the 4th of July, but the day happened to be quite gloomy. Occasionally showers would pour down every half hour, so a little picnic was gotten up at the house of Mr. P. W. Edmonston. He was away, but his charming wife entertained all cordially, and made every one feel at home.

Both Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Edmonston are held in high esteem by all the deaf-mutes, including the hearing people.

Mr. John McEvoy spent the 4th of July and Sunday in Cornwall and Newburgh. By this time, he is on his way to Albany and Saratoga to see his friend, Mr. B. Smith.

Mr. John F. Halliday, our speaking friend, has gone to business college, in Albany, to study the art of book-keeping. He would be glad to have any deaf-mute in Albany call on him, at the residence of Mrs. Bell, No. 219 Hamilton Street.

For a week past, we missed the jolly face of our friend from our midst. It was found that he was up with malaria.

Mr. Harry Davitt spent the 4th of July in the Bridge City, and he is getting along as smooth as two greased wheels in the office of the Newburgh Daily News.

One Friday night, the sisters of Mr. Edward Wygant invited Messrs. Charles Edmonston and Mr. Harry Davitt and the Misses Edmonston, Belle Brown and Mary Riley, their house, No. 253 Lander Street. All enjoyed themselves highly.

Mr. Edward Wygant is on the lookout for the writer. Mollie is not in Newburgh, but at the seashore.

Miss Belle Brown had a friendly gathering of deaf-mute friends, at her residence, last Friday night. She expects to be at the coming convention in Concord, N. H., August 12th.

Like the old life at dear Old Fanwood, Messrs. C. D. Edmonston and Harry Davitt are seen together frequently. Whenever they meet, they are sure to shake hands, as if they had not seen each other since the year of 1880. The writer wants to know if it is the latest style of handshaking.

Mr. Edward Wygant is home from South Brooklyn, where he has been visiting. He looks the better for that, and he wears the prettiest smile now.

Mr. H. Davitt has cut his hair short, and has, in consequence, lost much of his beautiful black locks.

The deaf-mutes of Newburgh will go to Iona Island, on the 27th of August. Hope to meet old classmates and friends there.

Mr. Robert Ogilvie has been sick, but is getting better.

MOLLIE.

Way Down in Dixie.

BASIC CITY AGAIN—COMING TO THE CONVENTION—NOTES PICKED UP HERE AND THERE OVER DIXIE.

A few months before the various state institutions for the deaf closed their sessions, the "little paper world" had a lively time criticising the action of the executive committee in postponing the convention until 1890, so that it could be held with the World's Fair, which every one thought would certainly be held in New York City, but the Senate of the United States agreed that it should be held in Chicago. This seems to have disappointed the executive committee in some degree, and it gave notice that the convention would meet at the New York Institution, on the 23d and 24th of August, 1890. This "hushed" the cry of the "little paper world," and so after all the convention is to meet next month—and not in 1892 as a "side-show" to the great World's Fair. However, it yet remains to be seen if those who protested against the action of the committee so strongly, will send delegates to the convention. It is to be hoped that they will. Though it is very well known that many of the papers belonging to the "little paper world" are in the habit of discussing a subject in a great deal, and when they are at last successful let it drop without taking any action whatever on the proposed subject. Anyway the convention should be well attended, and be made a grand success in every respect.

Virginia will be well represented at the convention. Several have decided to attend if nothing prevents. Among those who expect to be present are Professors Lindsay, Bear, Enritt, Yates, Michaels, of the Arkansas Institution, and Chapin of the West Virginia Institution. The two latter are both residents of Virginia, though they work in other fields.

Superintendent Doyle has returned from Jacksonville, Ill., where he went to be present at the convention of superintendents and principals of institutions for the blind. He was a prominent figure at the

meeting and delivered a fine address. On his return to Virginia, President F. D. Morrison, of the Baltimore, Md., Institution for the Blind, accompanied him. President Morrison stopped at Basic City for several hours whilst on his way back to Baltimore. The press of Jacksonville contained full accounts of the meeting and spoke in high terms of Superintendent Doyle's address. The Superintendent has now joined his wife and son at Elkton, Va.

Prof. Edward L. Chapin is summing at the home of his mother, in Clarke County, Va. He was present at the closing exercises of the Virginia School. His visits to the above institute are few and far between.

Rev. Job. Turner will hold services in Richmond, Va., on next Sunday, the 27th inst., at Scotland Neck, N. C., August 3d; in Louisville, August 10th; in New Orleans, August 17th; in New York City, August 23d and 24th; in Rockland, Me., August 30th and 31st.

Prof. I. S. Humbert, of the Virginia Institution faculty, passed through Basic City to-day, en route to Staunton. He just came from Roanoke, where he had been for some time on important business.

Your correspondent learns that Sidney King, whose name was mentioned in our last letter, is now sick in Roanoke. His many friends will regret to learn this and all hope for his speedy recovery.

The Institution paper, the *Goodson Gazette*, came out a week or so ago—nearly a month late—and bade all of its readers a "Summer Farewell." The regular editor "skipped" from the editorial sanctum as soon as the school closed and left the paper to "edit itself," so the last issue says. The gentleman who came back to the Institution, and buckled on the just-thrown-off harness, and tried his best to get out a first class edition, says in his editorial columns that the harness fits him nowhere and holds him back everywhere. Ah, no wonder! When one who has spent nine long months in close confinement at last gets away for his summer vacation, and when he is enjoying himself to his heart's content, is called back to don the same old worn-out harness, it is enough to make the very devil—office "devil" we mean—get red in the face and as mad as fire.

Miss Fannie Shackelford, who has been spending a part of her vacation at the Bear Lithia Springs, near Elkton, Va., has returned to her home in Albermarle County.

The State Institution at Staunton will open its doors on the 3d of September and commence work for the session of 1890-91. The session, which closed a month or so ago, was a very successful one in every respect. Over fifteen gold medals were awarded the pupils at the close.

S. C. Jones, who is holding a case in an office in Roanoke, will soon leave that place for his home in Nelson County to spend a few weeks' vacation.

The summer resort season is now at high tide. Virginia is noted for her beautiful scenery, delightful climate, water as clear as crystal and many summer watering places. Among the most prominent are the White Sulphur Springs, Bear Lithia Springs, Yellow Sulphur Springs, Buffalo Lithia Springs and Virginia Beach. At the latter place, thousands of people go every summer to seek rest and bathe in the cool seawater. Virginia Beach is the Atlantic City of the South. Hotel accommodations are unsurpassed there, and the best of food is to be had. Of course, every kind of people are to be found at these places. The old man is there, the fond mother is there, and the young girl of sweet sixteen is there—with her beau. All are bent upon having a pleasant time. Surely, summer is a delightful season!

The blazing sun of this sunny south is hard on those who are so unfortunate as to be "knights of the quill." The editor of the city paper can be found in his office during the hottest part of the day with his coat, collar and cuffs off, driving his quill, as though for dear life. In the evenings he can be found "taking it easy" in a down-town ice cream saloon, or standing before a soda fountain. Your correspondent is so unfortunate like the above gentleman, though he does not have to "drive the quill" so frequent now as in days of yore. He does not expect any vacation, whatever, this summer.

Our next letter will be written after the opening of the school session of 1890-91, and will contain an ac-

count of several interesting things, which could be written now, but as this is "gettin' longer than interestin'," and as we are afraid the editor, (mad at the hot weather) will let this find its way to the waste-basket, we will bring it a close, by wishing the readers of the JOURNAL another month of pleasant vacation before entering into the work of another season.

RITTER.

July 24, '90.

MAINE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The twelfth annual convention of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission will be held in Rockland, Me., August 30th and 31st, beginning at two o'clock, Saturday afternoon.

As the officers are chosen biennially, there will be no election of officers this year. After whatever business, there is to be transacted, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will lecture on his European trip, followed by Rev. Job Turner.

In the evening, Prof. Ballard, of Washington, D. C., will deliver an address.

The place where Sunday services are to be held, will be announced on Saturday. It is expected that three services will be held, and Dr. Gallaudet will act as interpreter.

The Maine Central Railroad will sell tickets at half-fare to all who attend. Tickets good to return Tuesday. This road ends at Bath, so that tickets will have to be purchased at Bath for Rockland. The Knox and Lincoln Railroads will issue half-fare tickets. Persons buying tickets, must ask for tickets to Mute State Convention. Those who wish to go by water can buy half-fare tickets to Portland, then take the steamer "City of Richmond," which leaves Portland, Friday night, at 11 p.m., arriving at Rockland between 5 and 6 o'clock, Saturday morning. Round trip fare on steamer will be \$1.50. Steamer will leave Rockland for Portland, Monday night. Those coming from Boston, and wishing for a delightful sea trip can take one of the Bangor and Boston steamers leaving the latter place at 4 p.m. Friday, and reaching Rockland early the following morning.

Hotel rates have been secured, as follows:

Lindsay House, Main Street, will accommodate about fifty, at \$1.50 per day.

Thorndike Hotel, Main Street rates, \$2.00 per day.

Central House (boarding house), Maine Street, will furnish board at \$1.00 per day.

Rowell's Boarding House, corner Main and Pleasant Streets, will take some at \$1.00 per day.

Perkins Restaurant, \$1.00 per day.

Those who wish to take an excursion, Monday, can go to Crescent Beach near Owl's Head, four miles from Rockland, by barges, teams or buckboards. Fare fifty cents.

Dinner consisting of fish and clam chowders, fried clams and lobsters, will be furnished for twenty-five cents.

The announcement in regard to the hall, where the mutes will meet, will be made later.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend this convention, and it is hoped that this may be the most successful gathering the Maine Mute Mission has ever held.

HIRAM P. HUNT,
President.

Picnic! Sunshine or Rain! in Cincinnati.

The eleventh annual picnic given by the Anderson Society takes place on Saturday, August 16th, 1890, at the Highland House, from 3 o'clock in the afternoon to 12 midnight. It promises to be the event of the season, giving all interested an opportunity of enjoying the picnic and at the same time to see all the sights of the city. The committee on arrangements have made preparations to see that all who attend will be highly entertained. Take a street car via "Mount Adams and Eden Park Railway," at the Fountain Square, corner of Walnut and Fifth Street Space directly to the Highland House grounds at the hill top of Mount Adams Inclined Railway. Come all, and let every one enjoy the afternoon and evening. The house and grounds are illuminated by electric lights. Admission will be only 25 cents.

NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1890.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.
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Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the price of ten cents a line.

FROM what can be gleaned in and around the New York Institution, the International Convention of Teachers of the Deaf promises to be very largely attended. It is estimated that fully five hundred will be present during the sessions. It will form a most important body of men and women, engaged in a work of the utmost value to every community. It is hoped and expected that the deaf teachers will take a prominent part, and that the interpretation will be of the best. A great deal of bitter feeling was shown at the meeting in California, because of inadequate interpretation of the proceedings, but this time there should be no room for complaint. We would like to see the deaf teachers, who are such a power and possess so much effectiveness in the class-room, show themselves equally strong in the assembly. In this coming gathering, deafness should go for naught, as all who attend (or nearly all) are expected to be well posted in the sign-language. The deaf teachers should have a hand in presenting topics for discussion. At the California convention they were very backward in this respect, and in the "Proceedings of the Convention," a book of over three hundred octavo pages, less than twenty-five pages were contributed by deaf teachers. The active members of that convention numbered about 140. Of this number fully 40 were deaf. Had the hearing teachers contributed to the proceedings in like ratio with the deaf teachers, less than seventy-five pages would have been filled. What is the reason this? Were the deaf teachers too timid to face a big assemblage? did they have too little confidence in their own abilities? or, were they discriminated against in the matter of time and platform privilege? This is written to give the deaf teachers something to think about, so that they will do their utmost at the convention next month. The experiences and observations of all teachers are sought, therefore whether or not the sense of hearing is present does not matter, as the individual does not take the platform because he is a deaf teacher, or because he is a hearing teacher, but because he is a teacher, and has something to say that the profession may profit by.

A Dumb Boy's Examination.

A clergyman once paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London, for the expressed purpose of examining the children in the knowledge they possess of Divine truth. A little boy, on this occasion, was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" He took the chalk and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into this world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow, as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his most powerful feeling into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb while I can hear and speak?" "Never" said an eye witness, "I shall I-forget the look of holy resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight.'"
—*Arcton's Cyclopedic.*

Disappeared and Discovered.

Mrs. C. D. Newton, whose health has been bad since the birth of her child, was discovered to be missing from her bed and the house when her husband arose this morning.

From what Mrs. Bowen, a neighbor said had occurred the day before, she thought that she was out of her mind.
After a search she was found in a field near Dean's tannery. It appears to the physicians that she was temporarily deranged by overwork, sickness and exhaustion.—*Onevo, N. Y., Daily Record, July 24.*

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Mrs. J. A. Dunlap and two children will spend the month of August in the Catskill Mountains.

D. G. White, of Unadilla (Traveling barber) arrived home last week, from the Western parts of Nebraska.

Ovie Cohen, a son of a rich dry goods merchant of Erie, was in Dunkirk for a few days, being the guest of Mr. Smith.

W. Alexander, of New York, sailed for London, on Wednesday, July 30th, by the "Lahn" of the Bremen line. He will be back in September.

Messrs. W. H. Remann and Robert H. Grant, of Jeffersonville, N. Y., expect to attend the Gallandet Home excursion, on the 27th of next month.

Madame Treat, of Frankfort, Maine, (Bertha's mother) is in New York, where she will stay for some time. Miss Treat will go later, as she has company from Europe. She has always enjoyed an easy life.

Ike Brockman, of New York, is now working on the *Dunkirk Observer*. He expects to attend the Empire State Convention in August and thence to New York, joining the Silentia Club, which will cross bats with the Chicago Club.

J. McTiernan, of Stamford, Ct., is thrown out of employment on account of the brass moulders' strike. While looking for work in South Norwalk, he met Mr. and Mrs. E. W. White, Mrs. Nevers, and had a good time talking with them.

Rev. Job Turner held a combined service with Rev. Dr. Peterkin in St. James Church, Richmond, Va., at six o'clock, Sunday afternoon, July 27th, and another with the Rev. Mr. Button at the old St. John's at eight P.M., after which he started for North Carolina.

Miss Mary L. Bennet was married to Mr. John O. McCambridge, of Denver, Colorado, on the 19th of July, and is going to reside there. Mr. McCambridge is a semi-mute and has never been to a deaf and dumb school. He is a shipping clerk for Messrs. Fairbank, Morse & Co., who are doing a heavy business. He is on the road to a foreman's ship with \$200 per month.

Mr. Francis Rotter sails for Europe on the "Albatross" of the Bremen Line, August 6th, and will be gone one year. He will be in Vienna most of the time, and visit Berlin, Dresden and Prague, Germany, at his convenience. He bids his American friends farewell, and hopes to meet them again when he returns. Last winter he received an attack of pneumonia, from which he has not fully recovered.

A Bicycle's Visit.

William Coombs, of Westfield, N. J., wheeled on his safety bicycle to New Market, N. J., where he visited Messrs. Frank and Joe Penrose, on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The distance was about ten miles which he covered in an hour, the roads being excellent for bicycling. The brothers have charming wives, Frank's, nee Minnie Flint, and Joe's nee Sallie Heller, and strange to say they were all schoolmates at old Fanwood. Their cosy cottages are situated side by side on a hill overlooking a very big pond, and back of them both stand small barns and poultry-yards, where there are a good many hens of fine breed. Frank seems to idolize his one-year-old boy, for there is a great deal of resemblance between father and son. Of Joe's son, aged eleven months, sufficient to say, he is the chief adornment of his house. The bicyclist passed the night under his old schoolmate's roof, and on Wednesday afternoon they went a fishing together, including Joe. The brothers have a row-boat, which was presented to them by their hearing brother Alfred last year. The pond is about three miles in length, and its width varies from fifteen yards to one-fourth of a mile. The followers of Isaac Walton rowed nearly two miles, then "dropped anchor." They spent three solid hours discussing the piscatorial art, and it was finally revealed that Joe caught one small turtle and two fishes, but one of them jumped overboard on the point of being slaughtered, and Frank contented himself with dragging two fishes, while their guest took the consequences quite philosophically, as he said, "that to catch, but a single fish in three hours was (as he said himself) better than none at all." In the evening the Westfieldian boy mounted his steel steed and reached home in less time than it took him to arrive in New Market—very much pleased with his visit to the latter place.

Married.

At the residence of the bride's mother, in Carthage, Ohio, on July 24th, by Rev. Austin W. Mann, Mr. Henry Jasper Swords, of Springfield, O., and Miss Alice Jane Hughes, both graduates of the Ohio Institution.

Compulsory Education.

Read at the recent convention in Pittsburgh, Pa., by Rev. James H. Cloud.

MR. PRESIDENT; LADIES & GENTLEMEN:—The compulsory education of the Deaf of Pennsylvania is not original with me. Your honorable president, I believe, was the first to urge its importance before this association at its second meeting in Philadelphia in 1884. At that convention a resolution was passed asking the Legislature to enact a compulsory law having special application to parents and guardians of deaf-mutes. Such a law, however, has not yet been placed in the statute books of our great Commonwealth. It now remains for us to make another effort, which I hope may be successful, to secure its enactment. No one can deny, with any show of reason, that there is now, as then, need for such a law, not only for the deaf, but for the hearing as well.

As long as children are entrusted to the care of parents, guardians and friends, so long will there be a certain percentage of parents, guardians and friends who are unkindly of their duty, and will not give their wards an education unless compelled to do so by the strong arm of the law. The compulsory system of education, which for many years has given such general satisfaction in certain European countries, notably the German Empire, meets with the approval of the foremost educators of our own land. Some of our sister States have already enacted laws compelling attendance at school during a part of the year of all children of school age. A few States have still gone farther and have made special provision for the compulsory education of their deaf children. Of the latter the recently admitted State of Washington is a praiseworthy example. At the last meeting of her Legislature an act was passed making it the duty of the education of "defective youth" compulsory.

A state must provide sufficient means, and the mass of the community must be sufficiently enlightened, and willing to lend its full moral support in order to insure the success of such a law. There being the same conditions Pennsylvania is prepared to assume the responsibility. If the compulsory education of children who can hear is beneficial and even necessary, it must be much more so to those who depend upon their ability to read and to write in order to communicate with the world at large.

The deaf are not a class of inferior people. The harm which a few ignorant men can do is much greater than several times their number of intelligent citizens can prevent or remedy.

Superintendent Noyes of the Minnesota Institution for the Deaf, well says that: "It is not to be expected that the ignorant and vicious classes will advocate or appreciate such a law, for intelligence is necessary to such an appreciation," and the same gentleman asks: "Who can doubt that not a few of the uneducated adults in every community would to-day be profoundly grateful to the authority of the land had it enacted a common school education of them and their parents?"

You will pardon my quoting at length from Superintendent Gillett's report to the Board of Directors of the Illinois Institution in 1882. According to that report there were on the rolls of the Institution five hundred and sixty-seven deaf-mutes in Illinois under the age of twenty who have never reached the Institution. * * * The question comes with great force: What should be done to insure that deaf-mutes of the large number of deaf-mutes, in Illinois, who are not now, and never have been under instruction? Because parents are indifferent to their future welfare, should no further provision be made for them by the State? And should no extraordinary means be used by disinterested parties to induce parents to be more regarded of the true and permanent interests of their children, whose greatest misfortune is not that they are deaf and dumb, but that they are the offspring of such indifferent and unnatural parents? * * * Often have I seen parents lament with agony their mistake in postponing the education of their children till the impressionable years of childhood have passed. * * * To meet such cases, the strong arm of the law should step in and provide a system of compulsory education among ordinary youth, there can be no question that it should be enforced among deaf-mutes, for unless education, they grow up in an ignorance that is hereditary and becomes a real and dangerous element in the community."

What may be true of Illinois in this regard is doubtless also true of Pennsylvania with a population exceeding that of Illinois by over one million, and with only forty-four (Dec. 1, 1889) more pupils in attendance in her schools than Illinois. Considering the large number of uneducated foreigners with which extensive mining and manufacturing districts are populated, it would not be surprising if a more deplorable state of affairs existed in Pennsylvania than in Illinois.

In his last report to the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Institution submitted in October, 1889, Principal Crozier makes the following remarks: "Forty-two pupils left the school at the close of the school in June. Of those six had taken the full ten years' course and four had completed the nine years; six had been under instruction eight years; eight, seven years; two, six years; five, for five years; two, for four years; three for three years, one for two years and five for one. Those who had not completed the full course left on their own accord or at the wish of their parents. The average period of instruction was six years and a fraction."

* * * It is greatly to be regretted that parents cannot be brought to see the necessity of a full course of study for their children. I know of no remedy, unless it be legislation making the education of all children, deaf and hearing alike, compulsory, and would therefore suggest the propriety of taking steps necessary to secure the passage of an Act at the next session of the Legislature compelling parents and guardians to provide a proper instruction for their children. The course in the case of deaf children should cover a period of from eight to ten years."

Thus in our present attempt to secure the passage of an act making education compulsory we have every reason to expect the hearty co-operation of the principal, teachers, and board of directors of the Institution at Philadelphia, and may I not add, also of the Institution at Edgewoodville?

The Eleventh Census is expected to give more complete returns concerning the deaf. From it we may be able to learn the number and residence of many deaf children of school age who are not where a compulsory education law would have them—at school. Deaf-mutes are quick to discern one of their class, and will doubtless render valuable assistance in making such a law effective in its application.

The new institution at Philadelphia will be prepared to meet any increased attendance

which the enforcing of a compulsory education law would entail, while the Institution at Edgewoodville is not overcrowded, and, if it should become so, a special appropriation by the Legislature would enlarge it.

I trust you are fully prepared to give a resolution, similar to the one passed in 1884, your hearty support, and that before our next meeting we will have the great satisfaction of knowing that our efforts in behalf of compulsory education for the deaf of Pennsylvania have been successful.

Scranton, Pa.

The 28th of June was neither too hot nor too sunny. It was a day, pleasant and cool as we expected. Within Koeh's Park was all joy and merriment. What brought on such things can be easily understood by bringing to mind that the date quoted was the very one we selected to hold our picnic for the benefit of the Pennsylvania Proposed Home, and it came off with rather a slim attendance during the day, but as nightfall approached the aspect changed to one crowded, amongst the crowd of which were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Spahr, a couple who were married on the following Wednesday previous to the twenty-eighth, happy and smiling. The dancing was good, and so was the orchestral music furnished by Bauer of Baur's famous band and orchestra, the finest to be got in this North-eastern part of the State, but as for the management of it, and those who assisted in its management, the writer will not say any thing about, for to praise one too much is to do another injustice.

Messrs. Boland and McDonough went to Pittsburgh to attend the convention there early before we closed up, and their going created no envy whatever among the rest of us, for the following Monday beheld Scranton full of glory, for the democrats of the State held their convention here, then amidst the music of seventy bands from every part of the State, the speeches of candidate and statesman, parades and the roar of the cannon, the burst of bombs and beautiful displays of fireworks.

The spectacles continued the same till the morning of the Fourth of July, when it changed to picnic and excursion going. The praise heaped upon Scranton by these delegates was enough to set the third and second cities of the State wild with jealousy, and the one that was uttermost in his praises of Scranton was the editor of the *Harrisburg Times*, which is a credit to us to be proud of our city, for it seems to be the very one in the State to hold conventions, as no other city in the State has yet witnessed as many as have been held here the past six years. The deaf on that day had their own way of coming here. The writer went to Waymart, where he expected to meet his two deaf relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse O. Dolph, and spend the day with them at Fairview Park.

Anthracite coal was discovered at Carbondale (I am speaking of the past) by an emigrant family moving about. The details are told that they camped at nightfall in the woods, where is situated the principal part of Carbondale now, and to cook their evening meal, they built a fire upon what they thought was a mass of solid black rock. When the fire went out, they to their intense surprise found the "rock" to be on fire, and still it burned despite their wild efforts to put it out. The male being once a miner in old England, began to think of the possibility of coal having an existence in the region. Coal, true enough, it was. He broke the news far and near, and soon thereafter the ingenuity of contractor and capitalist alike went there to encounter nature in forbidding aspects, but the mineral wealth hidden in the region was sufficient incentive to the herculean task, and now railroads intersect it in several directions, and industry has reaped a rich reward for its labors in their construction. A ride over one of the railroads, the Gravity Rail Road, so to speak, from there to Honesdale, is much more worth having than on any other by steam locomotion. As soon as you get upon the head of each ascent, fine vistas of country and mountain scenery unsurpassed for picturesque attractiveness meet your gaze, and located on the verge of an extensive and beautiful valley, where the atmosphere is remarkably pure, and the adjacent surrounding scenery of waning distances are what the artist would love to make sketches of, is Fairview Park, so deservedly named. It is in close proximity to Scranton, Carbondale, Honesdale and the other towns along the Gravity Rail Road of the D. H. C. & Co., and Pennsylvania Coal Co.'s division, and the facilities furnished by these two companies, renders it extremely popular for excursions of societies and organizations, and many a time it witnesses one or more of these, numbering hundreds and sometimes thousands of persons visiting it for "a ride to the mountains." The one that was taken in by Carbondale and Honesdale people on the Fourth, presented a lively and exciting picture, which gave the place much animation, and of the deaf in attendance there were seventeen, prominent among whom were Messrs Swartz, Gilmartin, Kelly, Tighe and Mr. Judge, all of Carbondale; and Mrs. Jesse O. Dolph, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. N. Dolph and Mr. Lockwood, Waymartians.

Play being resumed, the first man touched the ball for three foul-tips. So lightly was the sphere touched by the ash that its course was not changed in the least, and the man was declared out on strikes. Kicking then began in earnest. The latter knew he had foul-tipped the ball three times, because the sense of feeling told him so, but the umpire was a firm man, and in spite of the fact that the air about the umpire's head was full of arms and fingers churning out red, hot waves of vituperation, the disgruntled batter was compelled to give way to the next man. He got his base on balls, and the coaches took their positions at first and third.

Talk about fun, nothing but two teams of blind men playing with a soft ball, with sleighbell attachment,

SILENCE AND SPORT.

Deaf-Mutes in a Battle with the Bats.

PITCHING MOVEMENT MIS-TAKEN FOR A WELL-KNOWN PHRASE.

Fielder Reprimanded for Silently Singing a Popular Air.

(From the Boston Globe, July 23.)

It is stated, and not without foundation, that Hoy, the ever-alert center fielder of the Buffalo team, who, from the cradle until the time when his first signature made him a member of a professional ball team, never uttered a syllable of a word, has actually learned to talk.

Before becoming a professional he was as dumb as the inside of a deep well, but since that time he has not only surprised but startled many of his friends. Sid Farrar, the first baseman of the Philadelphia Club, nearly fainted one day, and was made to muffle a well-thrown ball, when on a close decision, the centre fielder anticipated the umpire and yelled, "Not out!"

"Great Caesar," exclaimed Sid, "the 'dummy' is talking," and turned as pale as bad milk.

"Hoy can also say 'damn,' 'rat,' and 'I got it.'"

While thinking of this yesterday, the writer wondered how a game of base ball between two teams of deaf-mutes would be enjoyed by an on-looker, and hearing that there was to be such a game at Downer Landing, embarked for that spot of earth in the harbor, arriving just as the sun was well down on its western toboggan slide.

It was the third annual outing of the Boston Deaf-Mutes' Society, and much has been said in a quiet way about the respective abilities of the base ball teams connected with that body.

A large, juicy chunk of fun was looked for by all who attended the outing, and it was given out by an "insider" that the game would be replete with vigorous kicking.

The band in Melville Garden had just begun that dusky melody, "Hear Dem Bells," when the members of both teams opened their bat bags and prepared for business.

The umpire, a man of few words, flipped a penny for choice of innings. As the copper-colored container of many mills—not even cotton mills—turned somersaults in the ambient atmosphere, the lips belonging to one of the captains were seen to move something after the fashion of a country school boy's while wrestling with the amber pumice of squash pie. "I'll take tails," was the literal interpretation of the lip movement, and when the cent alighted head down, it was announced that the captain, who silently said "tails," had won for his side the choice of innings.

Members of the team that lost the toss walked out to their respective places on the diamond, and a dead silence, broken only by the mournful sighing of the wind through the spinnakers of a clerical-looking spectator, and the incessant winking of many eyes seemed to settle over all nature.

Then it was that the umpire, with a gesture not unlike that sometimes made by middle-aged rural dames when shying bricks at a neighbor's hen, telegraphed the command "play-ball." This same signal or gesture is said to be used by the South American Indians when calling a man down for non payment of honest made wagers. The Indians improve on it a trifle by using a long sharp knife to make the gesture more emphatic.

There was trouble before one ball presumed to cross the plate. It was caused by the misinterpretation by the catcher of the pitcher's first movement in delivery. This movement was something like one of Kilroy's preliminary spasms, and the receiving end of the battery, as did many others, mistook it for the phrase in the sign-language "have something," and a rush was made for the lemonade tub. It was evident that a confusion in the silent-language was about to be seen, and the players seem to enjoy it as much as the spectators.

Play being resumed, the first man touched the ball for three foul-tips. So lightly was the sphere touched by the ash that its course was not changed in the least, and the man was declared out on strikes. Kicking then began in earnest. The latter knew he had foul-tipped the ball three times, because the sense of feeling told him so, but the umpire was a firm man, and in spite of the fact that the air about the umpire's head was full of arms and fingers churning out red, hot waves of vituperation, the disgruntled batter was compelled to give way to the next man. He got his base on balls, and the coaches took their positions at first and third.

Talk about fun, nothing but two teams of blind men playing with a soft ball, with sleighbell attachment,

could begin to equal it. With a gesture and pose like a country policeman "pointing with pride" to some act of his party, the third base coach shot a command across the diamond for the base runner to weigh his windward anchor and got on a move. The base runner was a big strapping fellow, and covered ground for all the world like Solon Chase's pet steers, bland like, but slow. He didn't relish being coached, and his face for a moment wore an expression similar to that of a specular getting an object lesson on the definition of the word left. He looked daggers at the coach and then cut a Chinese monogram in the air with his left arm, which, translated read: "For heavens sake take a drop and let me do this base running."

The little sally of words might have been continued had not the batter smashed the ball far out into the grass for a three-bagger. The man who didn't like to be coached came tearing around the lot like a runaway ice wagon, and the air was sawed full of holes by the silent shouts of the side that scored the runs.

At this stage of the game it became the painful duty of the captain of the side in the field to reprimand his right fielder for inattention and neglect of duty. The player was detected singing "Little Annie Rooney" with his left hand, and had become so absorbed in the melody that he allowed an easy fly to escape untested. The captain looked disgusted. Eyebing the fielder for a moment, he held both hands in front of him, palms down, like a bishop bestowing a benediction, and while holding his hands in this position turned his head away. This meant, "You make me sick."

For three innings the fun raged fast and furious, and the score was an affectionate, clinging one. Batters were encouraged to "hit 'em out" by the first base coach, who, to telegraph this intelligence, made a movement recognized as precisely the same as that used by Tom Reed in moving the large beads of perspiration from the front bulwark of his expansive dome of intellect.

In the fourth inning the game was stopped for a few moments, while the two captains and the umpire decided upon an alleged balk. It appears that the pitcher, whether intentionally or otherwise, made a deliberate pitching movement, and then threw the ball to first catching a runner. The pitcher, however, stoutly denied that a balk had been made instead, he asserted, he had simply asked a lady friend of his among the spectators if it was hot enough for her. The lady, on having such a new question fired at her, immediately fainted, and when she came to corroborated the pitcher's story.

There was a good deal of grumbling at the balk not being allowed, and the umpire to prevent the further trouble in that line, framed a new set of ground rules which forbid, on penalty of a heavy fine, either carrying on conversation with the spectators while in the box.

It was now getting quite late and as the writer was due at the Vendome for dinner at 7 o'clock he left the two teams of silent ball-tossers to fight out the battle.

THE SIGN-LANGUAGE.

EASE OF A SIMPLE CONVERSATION—THE SIGNS FOR THE MOST COMMON PHRASES—RAPID USE OF THE HANDS.

Every thought, impression, observation, can be intelligibly and intelligently expressed by signs.

That is the salvation this side of the grave of those who are deprived of oral communication with others; it is also a reason why deaf or dumb persons who have to use signs or the finger alphabet should not be looked upon with any more curiosity than those who are near-sighted, or have any other deformity.

The signs are simpler than those by which means actors emphasize their speech; often more graceful and always more intelligible, with the sole exception of arbitrary signs. These latter hold the same place in sign-language as do the arbitrary signs in stenography.

Actors use signs only to express strong feelings, such as wonder, anger, sorrow and hilarity. It is only Booth, a Jefferson or a Coquelin who is capable of giving expression to commonplace thoughts with the face or fingers.

Those who use sign and finger language never look at the person to whom they are talking. Their attention is so absorbed in framing their thoughts into signs, and ranging them in intelligible order, that the speaker is compelled to stare into space, like a public orator.

To convey thoughts by means of signs strengthens the memory and quickens the activity of the brain of those who engage in this mode of conversation. An awkward means of communication with hearing persons is for the latter to write what they want to say, and the other to write the answer. Nearly every deaf and dumb person has therefore always a pad and pencil ready at hand when conversing with a hearing person. Usually the former guesses at the sentence correctly, before the latter has finished writing it. Many deaf and dumb read written letters upside down as easily as right side up, and many know how to write that way, too, to save the trouble of turning the pad around.

Signs are to the dumb and deaf what spectacles are to the near and

far-sighted, and crutches to the lame.

Nearly all impressions are received through the eye or the ears. Deafness, therefore is an obstacle in the way of education. But it is an obstacle fully and easily overcome nowadays. Phrenologists say that the sense of self-respect is strongly developed in the deaf and dumb. Physiognomists admire the expressiveness of their faces. With the eyes, and by a nod or a shake, they can express all shades and depth of thought.

A certain sense of helplessness induces them to do their work carefully and thoroughly; a highly exercised brain helps them to do it rapidly. That is why employers rarely discharge deaf and dumb employees. The latter have also less temptation to resist than their hearing and orally speaking colleagues.

Signs give the idea regardless of the English form; they are momentary pictures in the air "I told you so," "I thought so," "Did I not guess so," are exclamations expressed by a nod, a look, and a slap on the speaker's own knee while sitting, or one hand against another while afoot. To quickly describe two or more circles with the hand before the mouth, and in a forward motion means "to talk." Two quickly drawn, wavering, horizontal lines means "to write," "writing." When a minister is about to pronounce the benediction he, unconsciously, uses a figure of the sign-language. When in a prayer by signs you want to beseech God to lead, conduct His people, do this: Hold your left hand before your right shoulder, with fingers outstretched and together; take hold of the forefinger with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and let the latter lead or pull the left hand a short distance toward and to the right.

Lay your hands against your heart and then raise them above your head, looking reverently upwards, and you have expressed adoration. Touch the palm of each hand with the nail of the outstretched forefinger of the other, one after the other, and you have spoken the Saviour's name, reminding one of the crucifixion. Lay the hands together, palm touching palm, fingers outstretched and together, like a child in prayer, and you have said "Amen" or "so be it."

Deaf and dumb make and understand these gestures with great rapidity. The finger alphabet follows the English order, and is therefore slower. By signs and finger alphabet combined one can converse almost as quickly as orally.—*From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

BOSTON.

Rev. Mr. Packard, of Salem, Mass., preached in the Boston Society before a good audience, Sunday, the 20th. Prof. Stone will preach in the Society next Sabbath, the 7th.

Mrs. Hiram Marr's aunt and her daughter were saddened by visiting Mrs. Marr last Friday, after not seeing her for three months. They went home to Augusta, Me., the same day.

A large delegation of mutes from Lynn, Salem, Beverly and vicinity, will go to the Boston Deaf-Mute Annual Picnic, which is held at Downer's Landing, one of the most beautiful beaches, to-morrow.

So the Convention is to be held in Buffalo, N. Y., August 19th, 20th and 21st, as printed in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Mr. Henry Acheson, President of the Ephphatha Club, talks much of going there to meet his many friends whom he has not seen for fifteen years. Will he go there?

Mrs. Hiram Marr's parents, sister and brother, in Augusta, Me., will visit Boston, the day the Grand Army of the Republic parade takes place. Mrs. Marr's father is secretary of the Grand Army of the Republic's Reunion.

John Coughlin promises to be a good and steady catcher, and has an ambition to be an all-round ball player.

Fred Stover, a deaf-mute ball player, who was released by several different clubs, and once played for the Washington Base-ball Club, instead of Mr. Hoy, is now working in Maden as an architect.

Messrs. John Keung and Henry Jellison will freshen their health and bronze their skin at Nantucket Beach for a week from August 3d next.

ATHENS.

July 21, '90.

White and Deaf.

Mr. Harrison Weir, President of the National Cat Club, England, says in his book, "Our Cats," that a white cat of the long or short haired breed is likely to be deaf.

Mr. Weir, at a cat show, purchased a white cat, a beauty, loving and gentle, for the low price of two guineas. When he got it home the cat proved to be "stone deaf." Then the trouble began. If shut out of the dining-room, its cry for admission could be heard all over the house, for, being deaf, it did not know the noise it made, though its owner often wished that it could hear its own cry. When it called out as it sat on his lap, it called with ten-cat power, and its commanding voice caused it to be named the "Colonel."

One day a friend saw the "beauty" and admired it so much as to accept it as a gift, even after being told that it was "stone deaf." A few days after Mr. Weir received a letter from the friend, offering to return the loud-voiced cat.

"Give it to any one you please, but don't return it to us," was the reply.

The "Colonel" was given to a deaf old lady, and both were happy.—*Stanton (Va.) Argus, July 22.*

NEW YORK.

Out-of-Town.

WHO, WHERE, AND WHAT FOR.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

A great many New Yorkers are just now enjoying life outside the town they claim as home. Among the number can be located here and there a deaf-mute.

For that matter the busy life of the metropolis is as vigorous as ever. In the silent community, the absent ones are missed only by those immediately connected with them. Among the friends of the Brooklyn Society, the uppermost topic of interest centers in the associations, excursion to Oriental Grove, on the 12th of August.

The members of the Society feel confident of the success of the affair. The fact that a barge and tug will convey the excursionists to their destination should not detract from the interest.

Years ago before the idea of chartering a steamer occurred to deaf-mutes, a barge served the purpose to the satisfaction of all concerned. No better enjoyment prevails on the big affairs nowadays than prevailed then.

Oriental Grove has all the attractions one could wish for in a day's outing. The management, headed by Henry Stengele, are up to the demands of what such an occasion requires. The sail up the East River and Long Island Sound is replete with interest and cooling breezes.

A large party of New Yorkers have signified their intention of attending, Brooklyn's fair daughters and their escorts should double the number of Gothamites. This will put the silent population of both cities in the best of humor, and the outcome will tend to increase the multitude at the great event of the season, the Gallaudet Home Excursion.

This season, New York deaf-mutes have been down the Bay; they are going up the Sound. Then for the sail up the glorious Rhine of America. Not alone the sail, but the interest attached to the presence of so many big guns connected with the instruction of the deaf. There is not the slightest doubt but that the Teachers' Congress in a body will go along with the multitude. As to arrangements and other particulars time will have them in detail.

The absent ones may be having a good time, as the saying goes, with those who are at the seaside or in inland retreats. It would not be fair to deny the stay at homes the same credit. New York is within easy reach of plenty of day summer resorts. The expense incurred in visiting these are such that many prefer then to a two weeks' or month's sojourn at a high-priced hotel, farm house, or boarding house.

Mrs. Jas. Russell and little Eddie, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass. Mr. Russell's business necessitates his remaining in the city, though he and little Johnny make frequent trips to near by watering places.

While Mrs. Jno. Lloyd, Jr., finds the surroundings of Glen Cove, L. I., of material benefit to herself and son, the head of the house, John, Jr., keeps tally with the "fat" takes on the City Record, and enjoys his Sun with much gusto on the uptown "L" trains every evening.

Having finished their wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Thomas will postpone housekeeping until the fall. A cosy flat awaits their presence on the upper west side of the city.

Meantime, for a month at least, Mrs. A. L. Thomas enjoys the soothing sea breeze at North Long Branch. Two days a week, the new made Benedict will clear his mind of Rogers, Peet & Co.'s troubles and run down to the Branch to look after his charming little wife. Although a private affair, the marriage of this interesting young couple brings out a bushel basket full of hearty congratulations.

Following the day of the Union League's excursion, Fred. Meinken, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, left for a two weeks' trip through the West. En route he does a little drumming for a large wall paper warehouse in the city. An interesting young lady misses his presence considerably.

The Loew-Sonneborn family are said to be enjoying the refreshing breezes at their cottage in Long Branch.

New England towns and a host of deaf-mute friends find the occasional visits of Mrs. Frank Roberts a pleasure these warm days. Banker Engnee Kelly and his accomplished daughters will entertain Miss Maggie Jones at their summer residence on the Sound.

Not far distant, Miss Alice M. Hatch enjoys the seclusion of the Summer house of her family.

Will. Fosmire was entered in one of the races at the Printers' Benevolent Union Games last Saturday. He has been enjoying his vacation in Saratoga the past week.

Tony Capelli and a few others "Knights of the stick," were among the boys at the picnic and games.

They report "copy" over the bar as being plentiful.

In the pretty, little village of Richmondville, Staten Island, Mrs. John F. O'Brien and baby Florence are at present, and intend to remain for a two weeks' sojourn. The Governor holds the fort in the meantime and finds consolation in the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railway, being so handy.

Mrs. J. F. Donnelly and Ben and baby find Far Rockaway Beach and its bracing sea air to be of untold benefit. When "pop" finds time he leaves by train, and generally avails himself of a dip in the briny.

At the Passaic Rowing Association's Regatta, to take place a week or two hence, a member of one of the four oared crews to enter will probably be a deaf-mute. We forebore mentioning who he is until the races have been won or lost.

Young Shea and Heydon are said to be making a record for themselves in the semi-professional base-ball arena. Both play with the Long Island Flushing. The batting of the former is looked upon as remarkable, for one of his age and build.

Sol Cornelius and bluefish are inextricably mixed. Where bluefish abound you can generally find Sol, and when you find Sol in Northport, L. I., you can be certain of it there are plenty of bluefish.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

WEDDING BELLS.

On Sunday, July 27th, immediately after the conclusion of High Mass at St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church in Brooklyn, Mr. Daniel Brown and Miss Mamie Foster were married by the Rev. Father Barry. Miss Foster is a graduate of the Brooklyn Catholic School for Deaf-Mutes, and is one of Brooklyn's most charming semi-mutes. Mr. Brown is a graduate of the New York Institution, and is a deaf-mute. The bride was attended in a *la tosa* gown of white satin, trimmed with bridal roses and lilies of the valley. She was attended by Miss Lillie Gibert, a former classmate and long-life friend, while Mr. Louis Bast, a hearing gentleman acted in a similar capacity for Mr. Brown.

In the evening, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's maid, where a supper was served, after which dancing was indulged in till daylight. The couple were the recipients of many handsome presents. Among them were noticed: a beautiful parlor lamp, the gift of Mr. Louis Bast and Miss Annie Reinert; silver tray, pitcher and half a dozen glass goblets, Miss Maggie Hunter; alarm clock, Mr. Frank Haydon; beautiful beaded work-basket, Mrs. McGuire; one dozen of French glasses with tray, Miss Christina Foster; silver cake basket and handsome hand-painted silk tied, Miss L. Gibert; set of china fruit dishes, Mrs. Mackin; two hand-painted vases, Miss Katie Foster; half a dozen silver spoons, Mrs. Foster, and others.

Among those present were T. W. Brown and Miss Katie Foster; Mr. Paul Steimla and Miss Martha Gavin; Mr. and Mrs. Brown; Mr. Louis Bast and Miss Annie Reinert; Mr. Frank Haydon and Miss Lizzie Silvey; Mr. Henry Broad and Miss Rose Lackas; Mr. M. Blue and Miss Maggie Hunter; Mr. William Lowry and Miss M. McLaughlin; Mr. E. H. Coyle and Miss Mamie McGue; Mr. Louis Gibert and sister Clara; Mr. George Brown and wife; Miss Mary Hughes; Mrs. Dempsey; Mrs. Hunter; Mrs. Hendricks and many others.

About two o'clock, amid showers of rice, old shoes and other articles designed as a charm to bring good luck, the happy couple departed on their wedding tour. They expect to remain at Long Branch for two weeks, and then return to Brooklyn to begin housekeeping. May their journey through life be happy.

A Deaf-Mute Wrestler's Open Challenge.

The most ambitious deaf-mute, as far as we know, is Charles Smith, the champion wrestler of North-Western Pennsylvania and Western New York. At a well-known theatre, a few nights ago, in Buffalo, he gave a very exciting and interesting exhibition by wrestling a man by the name of Dennis Gallagher, the professional wrestler of Buffalo, and the result was a draw, after a tremendous struggle of forty-nine minutes and sixteen seconds. It is understood that Mr. Smith is ready and willing to meet any deaf-mute in New York for any amount of money; Messrs. McVea, Kircher and Slatery preferred. He is very glad to be able to say that he will attend the Empire State Convention in August. Beyond a doubt, Mr. Smith will surprise mutes by showing them some of his wonderful falls, and how he will beat his opponent in a very few seconds. He won several battles lately, and is very anxious to hear from any deaf-mute in the United States and Canada; he means business. Besides his wrestling career, he is a ball player of the Dunkirk Club of the Western New York and Pennsylvania League, his position being a catcher. The Dunkirk now leads in the race. Next week, Mr. Smith will be with Capt. Powers, of Missouri, in a wrestling match, at the Opera House in the city. Heavy bets will be on hand, and most of the people, living in Western New York and Northwestern Pennsylvania, are in favor of Smith. Challenges should be sent to Mr. Smith, 427 Fox Street, Dunkirk.

PHILADELPHIA.

Apollo Club's Excursion.

LECTURE BY MR. HANSON.

Brevities.

(From our Philadelphia correspondent.)

APOLLO CLUB EXCURSION.

Early last Monday morning, the sun came up bright shining and made intending excursionists happy. The young gentlemen and ladies, who are friends or members of Apollo Club, got up early and made preparations to go to the steamer "Twilight," lying at Chestnut Street wharf. The Committee was on duty at the wharf. At Queen Street wharf, the steamer received the excursionists of Tasker Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and then glided up the historic Delaware River to Otis Street wharf, where a good number of deaf-mutes living in the northeastern part of this city embarked. After landing at Riverton, Torresdale, Delacoe and Andalusia, at which the friends of Tasker Street Methodist Episcopal Church landed to picnic at Chestnut Grove. At the next pier, Apollo Club and friends got out and marched or rode up to Oakland Park.

The Park is nice and shady, and has many tables and benches, a refreshment house and dining shed, a dancing pavilion, a shooting gallery, a photograph house, roller-coasting, a fine base-ball and sporting field a set of swings, a large and handsome set of flying-horses and boating at pier.

Soon after they entered the Park, a base-ball match between the Deaf-Mute Mutuals and Apollo Club, picked nine took place. The game was very interesting to the eyes of the excursionists, as well as to the hearts of the players. Apollo Club's nine had no practice for several years in ball-playing, while the Mutuals practiced every week. The result of the game was as follows:—

Apollos.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fell, cf.	0	0	0	0	1
Lee, p.	0	1	3	4	2
Diehl, 2b.	0	0	0	3	5
Lewis, lb.	0	0	13	0	0
J. Massey, s.s.	0	0	3	1	3
Winters, 3.	1	0	2	0	1
Bitzel, rf.	0	1	2	0	1
Schriener, 3b.	1	0	2	1	2
Robinson, c.	0	0	4	2	3
Total	3	3	27	13	16

Mutuals.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.
Nutter, lf.	1	0	1	1	1
Wiener, 2b.	1	0	2	3	1
Mayer, c.	2	1	10	3	1
Tarry, 3b.	1	0	4	0	2
Stiles, ss.	0	1	1	1	0
Massey, lb.	2	3	0	0	0
McCarthy, rf.	2	4	0	0	0
McGahan, cf.	0	1	0	3	0
Inch, p.	1	1	1	12	1
Total	11	11	27	34	5

Apollon Mutuals 0 1 3 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Mutuals 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 3
0 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 3 11

Earned runs, Mutuals, 5, two-base hits, McCarthy and Wiener, bases stolen, Apollon, 3; Mutuals, 7; bases on balls, Apollon, 3; Wiener, 3; struck out, Apollon, 10; Mutuals, 2; left on bases, Apollon, 1; Mutuals, 7; hit by pitched ball, Stiles, 1; Inch, Umpire, Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Wilson did his duty in giving decisions very satisfactorily.

The Mutuals were baseball uniforms.

After 2 o'clock, the following sporting games were given on the baseball field:

A potato race—Messrs. Shriener, Diehl, Robinson, Shepherd, Stiles, McGahan, Ferral and Jackson contested. Messrs. Jackson and Ferral got hurt and gave up the "battle." Each got a bottle of sarsaparilla or ginger ale to quench his thirst, but Messrs. Slifer, Miles and Lewis, the judges, adjudged the prize of a bushel of potatoes to the winner, Mr. Wm. Shepherd. He did not want the potatoes, made a gift of them to Apollo Club campers for their coming encampment.

Then Messrs. Shriener, McGahan, Stiles and Diehl ran in a sack race. Mr. Diehl won the race easily, and he got a prize in the shape of a handsome cane.

A wheelbarrow race between Messrs. Diehl and McGonigle was given. Mr. McGonigle won the race, getting a pretty good scarf-pin.

Misses McWilliams, Kueny, Hoffmann and Levering were blindfolded, and tried to push wheelbarrows to reach a pole, but all missed and got nothing. A prize of a glass pitcher and six glasses was offered by Mr. Fred Buch, but no one got it on account of the failure of reaching the pole.

For a prize of a real silver drinking cup, Misses Shieck, Worrall, Wielding, Levering, Kueny, McWilliams, Sharp, Terker and Mrs. Moroney ran 75-yards dash. Miss Kueny easily won the prize.

In the first heat of a tug-of-war for a silver cup, the Mutuals (four men) pulled the four members of Apollo Club, but in the second heat the Apollos pulled their opponents, but finally the Mutuals won the cup. The tug-of-war team of Apollo Club consisted of Messrs. Zang, Turner, Bruthi and John M. Robb, while the athletic Mutuals were Messrs. McGahan, Shriener, Stiles and Diehl. The Mutuals deserved credit for the victory.

For a prize of a gold scarf-pin, Messrs. Mondean, Shriener, Lee, Westerboro and Ormond ran in a 100-yards race. Mr. Shriener won.

Messrs. Lewis Lipsett, Harrison and L. Fell, were called to try their luck

in a shooting match. Messrs. Harrison and Fell tied. Eventually, Mr. Harrison won the prize, a handsome pen-knife.

Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsett defeated Misses Shieck and Levering in the shooting match by almost hitting the bull's eye, and won a prize in the shape of a good furniture-beater.

To Mr. Davidson, Apollo Club and its committee of arrangements is indebted for willing assistance in their work, as a starter in nearly all games. Also to Messrs. J. R. Lewis, Slifer, and Miles, for being judges in all sporting games. Every one who witnessed the sporting events appreciated the entertainment a great deal.

Besides these events, Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett defeated Mr. Shepherd in a quait match, and again with Mr. Robinson, beat Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Buch, and then Mr. Zang three times.

Several ladies and gentlemen played a croquet game.

The flying horses, swings and toboggans were well patronized by the merry-makers.

The athletic Mutuals were very lively in their movements, and polite and pleasing to all the Apollos and friends during the day.

At about 7:30, they all got their baskets, etc., ready and went together to the pier, and waited for the steamer to carry their nearly-worn-out and tired bodies to the city, but she didn't come until 8:40 o'clock. They arrived home at 10:30.

Every one says he or she enjoyed the day there very much.

Over 125 people, coming from Philadelphia, were at the picnic grounds.

The club gained over \$30 profit from the sale of tickets. Very good indeed.

Messrs. L. Morris, of New York, Patrick McDonnell, of Williamsport, Pa., Miss Werner, of Doylestown, Messrs. Fell and brother, Keelin, Lewis, and McGonigle, of Wilmington, Del., S. G. Davidson, W. A. Miles, Sergeant-at-arms of All Souls' Club, W. G. Harrison, Vice-President of the same club, Wm. McKinney, Treasurer of All Souls' Mission, Mrs. M. A. Paulin, and her daughter, Mrs. Welch, were seen among the picnicers.

Messrs. Fred W. Hewitt, chairman, Peter Huster, E. D. Wilson, J. R. Lewis and Henry Blankensee, being the Committee of Arrangements, deserve credit for making the first annual excursion a great success in every respect, and also deserve many thanks from those who enjoyed it a great deal.

Last Thursday evening, Mr. Olof Hanson entertained All Souls' Working People's Club with a brief narrative of his recent journey in England, Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland and Sweden, which the club appreciated a great deal.

Mrs. Roca, one of the most prominent and respected deaf-mutes here, has been visiting her beloved son, who is a successful doctor—Dr. Roca, at Olney, Pa., for a few weeks. Any mute living near that place, needing medical assistance, ought to call on Dr. Roca, because he uses and understands our deaf-mute language very well. She returned after a visit to Miss Taylor, in Westchester, Pa., a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scheetz, the latter being one of the oldest members of the Clero Literary Association, have removed to Weldon, Pa., and Mr. Scheetz goes by rail to his work in Philadelphia daily, but he is laid off for a short while.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Harrison expect to kick the dust of this city off their feet and start for Chicago, in the first week of August, for a short time, and then to visit Wisconsin.

Mrs. Jacob C. Bell, nee Miss Angeline Jacobs, made a present of a bouncing boy to her husband last Tuesday evening. And Mr. George Zang, Jr., was made a happy father by the birth of a girl baby a few days ago. Both mothers and babies are doing well. Congratulations to them.

Mr. Jas. E. Moroney and Miss Toole returned from a visit to the latter's relatives in Brooklyn, N. Y., last Monday, but Miss Toole will return to live with her sister in Brooklyn before long.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Houston, and Mr. C. B. Stilwell had a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. Detweiler in Hattboro, Pa., last week.

Miss Katie Shieck concluded her two weeks' vacation in Wilmington, Del., by returning home here yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Lipsett and son, brother, sister and nephew of Mr. W. H. Lipsett, are stopping at the Columbian Hotel in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for two weeks.

Friends intending to pay a visit to Apollo Club Camp, in Atlantic City, after August 4th, will bear in mind that the camp will be situated on a vacant lot at corner Morris and Arctic Avenues, a few squares below the New Sea View Excursion House.

Yesterday morning, Mrs. Gussie Bruthi made her husband the happy recipient of a pretty female baby. Mother and infant are doing very well.

All the afternoon and evening of yesterday, Apollo Club headquarters was full of visitors, who were enjoying themselves. The club was very glad to receive a flying-yet friendly visit from Mr. Louis Morris, president of the Fanwood Social Club of New York City, yesterday. He confessed that he was jealous of such a comfortably and handsomely furnished club house like Apollo Club.

Messrs. Henry Blankensee, Fred

Buch, Robinson, and Wm. H. Lipsett, will begin the 3d Annual Camping-out Expedition, at Atlantic City, next Monday, August 4th, instead of the 9th, as proposed, for two weeks, (until the 18th), and they will be joined by several other members of the Apollo Club, on the 9th.

It is an opportunity offered for the friends and members of All Souls' Working People's Club to visit Apollo Camp, when they go on its excursion to Atlantic City, on Tuesday, August 5th. They will be cordially welcome to inspect how the Apollo's cook, sleep, eat, etc., in their Arabian houses.

Mr. W. Houston wants to know how long the Teachers' Association session will last in New York in August. They expect to be at the Teachers' Convention, and also the Home Excursion next month.

Miss Hagy, of Reading, Pa., who had been in this city since July 21st, was over to Atlantic City. He was seen at All Souls' Church yesterday.

Mr. Devine and Miss Schawler, students of the National Deaf-Mute College, were seen at All Souls' Church yesterday.

BEAUTY IN POVERTY.

A handsomely-attired and exceedingly pretty young woman came into the Russell House lobby yesterday afternoon and walked up to the counter with easy self-possession. The clerks were instantly all attention. Withdrawing a card and pencil from a silver-mounted purse, she wrote a few lines in a pretty feminine hand, placed her finger to her lips in a way which almost startled the aforesaid clerks out of their wits and held out the card. It was taken with fear and trembling, but only stated that she was dumb and requested permission to circulate a paper, which she held in her hand, among the guests who were seated about the lobby and reading-room.

"Certainly," wrote back the clerk with alacrity, his eyes at the same time carefully scrutinizing the pretty face and handsome attire of the suppliant.

The name states that the young woman's name was Jennie Hustin and that she had lost the power of speech through a severe attack of illness and would be thankful for anything which might be contributed to aid her in reaching her friends, who were located at Davenport, Iowa. She realized quite a large sum through the generosity of the occupants of the hotel lobby.

"Well, that beats me!" ejaculated one of the guests, as her slim form vanished through the ponderous office doorway. "A finger rigged out like that and begging. Why, that dress she's got on never cost less than a ten-dollar bill for the making alone. I wish I could afford to buy my wife as good a one. Yet I believe I gave her \$1. Well, the sight of a pretty beggar, looking for all the world like a plate in a fashion magazine, lifted me clean off my feet. I guess I'd have given her my watch and chain if she had asked for them. Well, well! wonders will never cease."—Detroit Free Press.

THE RECORDER.

July 28, '90.

CITY OF CHURCHES.

The Brooklyn Society and its legion of friends and well-wishers, will be on "deck" on Tuesday, August 12th, 1890. So hurrah boys, throw up your hats, and make up your mind to be on deck with them, and again, make up your mind to take your mother, your mother-in-law, (if you have one) or, better still, somebody else's sister, or your nieces, cousins, aunts, grandmas. We are willing to bet that they will look at least ten years younger when they return home at about seven o'clock. Mr. Henry Stengele is just the right man in the right place, and it is needless for us to state that he will surprise all comers.

This society is unlike all others on both sides of the great, grand bridge for the reason that it is independent. It pays for what it gets, and gives away more for the same amount of cash than others, therefore it should receive the support of every mute and his or her friends, who admire independence. We have it from the finger tips of a young man, who is popular with the young ladies of silence that they are waiting most impatiently for the 12th of August to arrive. The Brooklyn girls can't be beaten in any way, they are bright and lovely. Courage, Eastern and Western dudes, if they don't break your hearts, we will be more than willing to supply you with a brand new casket.

Dan. H. Brown, who graduated from Prof. Fox's class two years ago is booked to be married to Miss Mary Foster, early in August. Miss Foster is a graduate of the St. Joseph's Institute of this city, and is by far the brightest and prettiest semi-mute lady on either side of the bridge. She is a perfect beauty of eighteen rosy summers. The wedding is to be a quiet affair—only a score of deaf-mutes have received an invitation.

It is rumored that three other marriages will take place before the holidays.

Why, it is getting the fashion nowadays to get married. You had better attend the Brooklyn Society's Grand Excursion and get a girl that knows sugar from sand.

Brooklyn was well represented at the Union League Excursion, and will certainly be at the Gallaudet Home Excursion on August 27th. One good turn deserves another.

N. J. F.

BROOKLYN, July 20, '90.

At Melville Garden, Downer's Landing, a large party participated in the union picnic of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, Epiphany Club and the Gallaudet Society of this city. They danced, played games, bowled, sang, rowed, bathed, played tennis, sailed, ate, drank, saw the monkeys and the bears, and had a good time generally. In the afternoon they visited the polo field, where a game of base ball was played. In the rope skipping contest for ladies, Miss A. Miller, of Boston, was the winner. The potato race for ladies was won by Mr. Harrington, of Brighton, and that for gentlemen by Mr. C. W. Thurmill, of Beach Bluff. The sack race was won by Mr. Thurmill, and the 100-yard dash by Patrick Coughlin, of East Boston. The object was to raise funds for the Gallaudet Society and the Mutual and Charitable Relief Society.

Mrs. James D. Scudder entertained as guests yesterday 35 poor children from Boston, who are enjoying a two weeks' vacation on the farm of Mr. Samuel Souther at South Hingham. The little folks were given the free run of the garden. Next week another party of these little ones will be given a day of pleasure by Mrs. Scudder.

The Methodist Episcopal Society of East Weymouth had their annual picnic at Downer's yesterday.—Boston Herald.

KANSAS NOTES.

Ansel Williams is working at Prof. Hiram Phillips's son's farm at Olathe. Eddie H. Melvain, who is a graduate of the Ohio School for the Deaf, went to Olathe on a visit. His home is in Council Grove.

Mrs. Bowles, matron of the Institution, has resigned on account of failing health.

Mrs. Rosa Keeler, of Kansas, has been appointed Articulation teacher at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

Prof. S. T. Walker, who was elected Superintendent of the Institution five years ago, has been re-elected recently.

Miss Cora Cotterman is working for Mrs. Prof. B. O. Sprague at Olathe.

Bruce C. Hewitt, a deaf-mute, is working on the farm and garden of the Institution, and gets fifteen dollars a month. He will remain at school next fall.

Gust. Anderson has a deaf-mute cousin by the name of Frederick Holmgren, who lives in Sweden, and is a shoemaker by trade.

Mr. Frank A. Leitner, of Maryland, who graduated from the National Deaf-Mute College this year, is now negotiating with the Superintendent of the Institution for the position of teacher. We hope he will succeed.

On July 3d, Mr. Gust. Anderson, of White City, paid a flying visit to Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Altham and Mr. and Mrs. Burson, at Alta Vista. He returned home on the 5th, and reported having had an excellent time there. The former couple visited has a deaf daughter, Orrell. The latter couple has three deaf children, Elmer, Frank and Cora.

Prof. Robert Patterson, of class '70, now Principal of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf! Hurrah!

Prof. H. Reed, of Wisconsin, and Miss Eva Owen, of Kansas, both teachers at Olathe, were in Chicago some time ago.

Miss E. M. Bolt, formerly a pupil of the Michigan School for the Deaf, now lives in Topeka, and is a painter by trade.

Willie Stover, of Helmich, is helping his father on his farm.

Miss Jalsey Smith lives in Delavan, Kan., now.

Joseph H. Burkhead expects to enter the Deaf-Mute College next fall.

Gust. Anderson is working on his father's farm this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Booker, both former pupils of the Illinois Institution, are now living at Council Grove. The former was a graduate of the Deaf-Mute College.

Mrs. A. R. Perdue, nee Kate M. Stover, is working for his mother at Helmich.

WESTERN TRAMP.

BOSTON.

On Wednesday afternoon, July 16th, a party of deaf-mutes went to "Point of Pines" beach for an "outing." They were: Mrs. Wm. Lynde, Mrs. Blanchard, Miss Belle Flagg, Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow and daughter; Messrs. A. Hargrave and Duran. Among the others there were Miss Miss Fannie Roby, Mrs. Burrill and Mrs. Allen.

Sunday morning, July 27th, Mr. George Stone, of Hartford, preached a sign service to about forty deaf-mutes. Among those present were Miss Minnie Mashor

